

IS YOUR SECTOR QUIET? THEN DON'T PLAY PAREE

That Pink Ticket o' Leave Isn't All It's Cracked
Up To Be These Warm Spring Days—
Try the White, Bo

Yes, I got my pink ticket, I did, and went up to Paree. But that's all the good it done me. Take it from me, guy, if they offer you a choice between a pink ticket and a white one, take the white one, every time.

You know how it was: we had just come out of that "quiet sector" on Looneyville way, where the whole damn regiment sat up on top of the parapet playing cards all afternoon, with the Hun looking on and laying bets on the left of our colonel's hand. We was as safe up there as we could have been, no work to speak of—nothing.

Well, I come down to Paris on a week's leave. The first thing I know when I'm turning over, enjoying my first real sleep between sheets in eight months—BANG! Then—brrrr—um! Bonni! brrrr—um! Boom! all right under my window.

I thought at first I was dreaming I was up to the front, and turned over again. But no: a lot of whistles and horns and things started tooting, and pretty soon somebody came rapping on my door and said it was a *deux*, whatever that is, and I had got to get up.

Down to the Rathskeller

Well, I got up, and got downstairs in the hotel where I was staying at "A la curve," the landlord shouts to me, and pointed at the cellar.

"What's the good of going down there?" I ask him. "Is it a rathskeller or something you want me to try?"

But he couldn't condescend for a sou. They're a dumb lot, these foreigners, even when you speak their own language at them.

I finally went down there, and they was a lot of people there in all sorts of dress and undress, but nobody seemed to mind. Over in the corner they had an Australian officer told me, all in English, that an air raid was on. That was the first time I knew they spoke English in Australia.

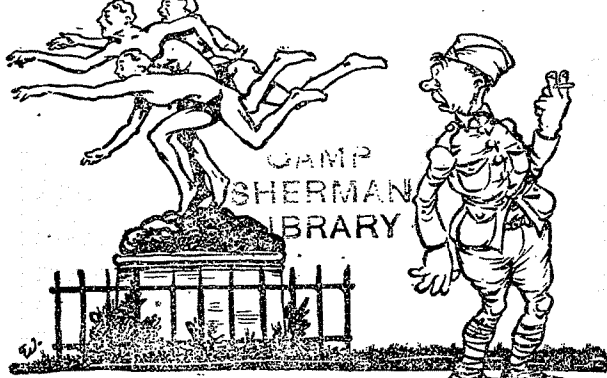
"Air raid?" says I, looking at my wrist watch. "This is a helluva time to be pulling that stuff—half-past three in the morning!"

"I know it," he says, "but there's nothing one can do about it, now can one?"

That was too deep for me, so I just says, "Ye-ah" and let it go at that. After about an hour and a half they blew some bugles out in the street to show the raid was called off on account of no clouds or something, and I went back to bed.

And Then Those Drums

But I couldn't sleep. Along about 8 o'clock they began drumming out in the street, and all the church bells began to ring. Then, right in the middle of that I heard another BANG! So, as it seemed to be the thing to do, I got up and dressed.



"I think it was probly put np to celebrate the opening of the first free lunch."

Down in the dining room I run into this Australian officer again. "Is it another air raid they got?" I says. "If they try that in the daytime, they'll be in for a awful kidding, they'd be so easy to spot."

"No," says he. "It's that beastly long-range gun of theirs, you know. It fires regular, every 20 minutes all day long. But they never hit anything, you know, except a few houses."

"Say," says I, "I thought I left the front behind me when we hiked back from Looneyville. Are they bringing the front down here so's I won't be long-some for it while I'm on leave?"

"No," he told me. "That gun is a good 70 miles away—up at Antzy, as near as we can figure."

"Up at Antzy?" says I. "Well, it makes it plenty uneasy down here, don't it?"

That one was a little deep for him, so he just says "Indeed." Anyway, I reckoned I was getting even for the one he pulled on me in the early morning.

Off To See Some Pictures

But he didn't harbor no resentment. He said me if I knew any war about, and I said me there was a lot of good pictures in the Luxembourg galleries over across the river. That was a new one on me; I always thought Luxembourg was a country, or something, but it appears it isn't. Anyway, he showed me how to get there, and I went. This Luxembourg place is on the side of a big park, which is full of statues of people without no clothes on. They is one with three guys all holding out their hand at something and straining after it. I think it was probly put up to celebrate the opening of the first free lunch counter.

Well, I went into the Lux. I thought when that Aussie officer told me there was good pictures there that it was a movie palace, but it appears it ain't. They're nothing but statues in it. But they're in color, so that helps some.

They was some statues, too. I went around looking at them, and the first thing I know I run into the statue of liberty, only smaller.

"Hell," says I, "I was a boob to come over here. I saw that in New York. I wonder what do I want to see it again for? Besides, it isn't as good as what it was there. It must have been shrunk some with the salt air or something, or aging over."

Trailing the Bombs

So I beats it out, and goes roaming down the Boulevard des Capucines. It seems the French call it the Boul' Mochel like Michigan Boulevard in Chi. Off to one side of it there was a big fence in place with a lot of ruins in it.

"Was that what the bomb done?" I asks a Tommy standing by.

"No," he says, "them's the ruins of an old Roman palace and its baths."

"Oh," says I, "is so? I didn't know the Romans took baths. I thought the English invented it."

Leaving him to think that over, I rolled along my way to the Louver. Somebody had told me I oughtn't to miss it, so I tried to get it. But it was closed up on account of it being Saturday or something, and I couldn't make it.

Then I got lunch at a restaurant, but I had to eat outdoors. I thought I was through with eating outdoors, when I come to a city, but it seems they do it because they like to. And in the afternoon I went to a real movie house on the Grand Boulevard—and what do you think I saw?

Good Old Charlie Chaplin

The same show I saw in New York the week before leaving! The same picture of Charlie Chaplin's, only with French titles on it. And then, when they got to the news pictures, what was there but our old regiment, passing in review before the French general, and me in the rear rank of the third platoon of J Company with my left leg put coming down!

I got out of there. I had spent all day trying to find something new in Paris, and I couldn't. All the time they was throwing up old things at me that I'd seen before.

Well, that night I went to a vaudeville house, or rather a saloon and vaudeville house combined. It seems that's the way they do it here, so as to save paper on door checks when guys want to go out between the acts. The bar is right out in front of the theater part, so they see you going and coming. They charge you a franc for the same beer you could get up at Looneyville for ten sous, only it's a little staler beer because it has to travel so far.

Just Dogs and Jugglers

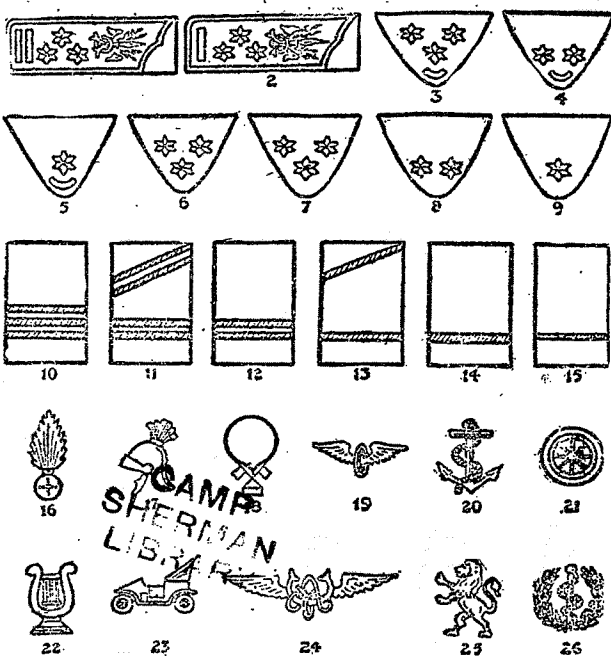
And then the show starts. Say, there was nothing but dog acts, and juggling acts, and more juggling acts, and a dame what came out and sang. There wasn't a joke in it anywhere that I could get. And the music? What do you think they played for new and zippy stuff? "Alexander's Rag-Time Band," "The Merry Widow," and "Every Little Movement!" It's a fact!

I went out when the show was about half over, figuring that I wouldn't get no vaudeville but only more ancient history if I stayed. The next morning I paid my hotel bill, slung my bag over my back, and beat it for the railroad station.

Nope, take it from me, bo; there's nothing to this Paris leave. There's nothing out here. It's just like New York, and I've seen New York. So what's the use?

INSIGNIA OF OUR ALLIES

II.—THE BELGIAN ARMY



If you were a sergeant in the Belgian Army, you would wear only one chevron. If you were a corporal in the Belgian Army, you would also wear only one chevron. This may seem rather rough on the sergeant, especially if he has just been promoted from a corporal and is anxious to tell the world. But the sergeant's lone chevron is so much wider than the corporal's that the difference can be noted at a glance.

The Belgian officer wears his insignia on his collar. The number of stars and bars follows a definite and simple rule, as can be seen from the diagram. Don't forget that in the Belgian Army the rank of commandant is not the same as that of the American major or the French commandant. The Belgian Army has both grades, the commandant ranking between captain and major.

Following is a key to the insignia pictured above:

- | | |
|---|---------------------------------|
| Insignia. Worn on collar. | 12. First Sergeant. |
| 1. General of Division. | 13. Quartermaster Sergeant. |
| 2. General of Brigade. | 14. Sergeant. |
| 3. Colonel. | 15. Corporal. |
| 4. Lieutenant-Colonel. | Devices. Worn on collar or arm. |
| 5. Major. | 16. Grenadier. |
| 6. Commandant. Three stars gold. | 17. Engineer. |
| 7. Captain. Two stars gold, one silver. | 18. Ballonist. |
| 8. First Lieutenant. | 19. Railway Regiment. |
| 9. Second Lieutenant. Star in gold. | 20. Pontoonier. |
| Adjutant. One star in silver. | 21. Cyclist. |
| Chevron. Worn by non-commissioned officers. | 22. Bandman. |
| 10. First Sergeant Major. | 23. Motor Corps. |
| 11. Sergeant Major. | 24. Aviator. |
| | 25. Interpreter. |
| | 26. Medical Service. |

FRESH WATER TARS KEEP LINER GOING

Middle Westerners Show
Stuff When Grippe
Lays Crew Low

They were part of a naval unit that had never been any farther east than the Great Lakes Naval Training Station until they were shipped on board trains and started in the direction of an Atlantic port. They were of the Middle West Middle-Western. They had never smelt salt water in their lives, but, be it added, they had never smelt smelling salts, either. They were huskies, and they knew their game.

They were put on board a certain transatlantic liner, not a transport, and, being of one of the higher-grades of navy operators (we never could get those nautical classifications straight), were lodged in the first cabin all the way over. But their life of ease was short-lived.

Three days out from the altogether unknown Atlantic port in question, the crew of the liner (it was a foreign liner) began to come down with the grippe. The deck watch had to do double turns. The stokehold was undermanned. The ship's speed sank a good eight knots below her maximum. And, as it is violating no confidence to state that there are submarines in certain parts of the Atlantic, things began to look rather serious.

"Help Wanted" Call Goes Out

"I would like, if you please," he requested, "to know if some of your young gentlemen would be willing to volunteer to do some of the routine work of the ship until my men are recovered."

The officer in charge needed no second urging. He put it up to his detachment. Every man volunteered.

Forgotten was the first cabin and the smoking salon and the captain's table as those youngsters dived into overalls and clambered below. Right down to the stokehold they went, and started shoving up the old fires with a right good will. Others put on oilskins, and kept the deck watch going, took over the lookouts' jobs in the crow's nest and on the bridge, and at every point relieved their over-strained seafaring Allies. In short, they took over the ship.

Not only took it over, in the sense of assuming charge; they took it into port. The grippe didn't pass away, but rather spread among the regular members of the crew. So it was up to the Americans to see it through, and they did. Incidentally, they boosted the liner's speed a good two knots above what had up to that time been considered its maximum.

Just before they landed, the captain of the liner called their commanding officer into his cabin, and gave him a letter. It was some letter. It told just what the captain thought of America's fresh water sailors. It goes without saying that he thought a lot of them.

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OUR CALLERS

"Which is Sergeant —? Oh, do point him out to me! I've read lots of his stuff. Which one? That amiable looking man over there? Why, I had an idea from the things he used to write, that he was at least \$2!"

"Won't you introduce me to Captain —? I once had a friend whose sister-in-law's little girl wrote something for his column in New York. He'll be sure to remember the name."

"Where is Miss Information? Is she with the Y.M. or Red Cross or the Salvation Army or what? I think her advice is so thoughtful and so cultured; she must be a nice, motherly soul. What? You say she's gone out to get shaved and hunt for some pipe tobacco?" (Quick exit, in a heap.)

"What is Bran Mash's real name? Is it Beau Mash, enlisted and put on this paper? Is that him over in the corner, that sloppy person who spoke to me so rudely as I came in? So that's your etiquette editor?" (Much distrust.)

"Who writes all that nice poetry of yours, all that heart-interest stuff and the rest? Who, that savage looking person over there, reading the Infantry Drill Regulations and the Police Gazette and *Le Vie Parisienne*? Well?"

"Who is the hard guy that can't spell, that writes those horrible stories about bugs and things? The little meek-looking man with the glasses and the bald head, reading the Browning, with that big file of the *Atlantic* on his desk? I don't believe it!" (P.S. Neither do we.)

HE JOINED THE ARMY

This comes from a National Army cantonnement. They have quartermasters in the National Army too. You can't get away from them, it seems. One of them decided to get a transfer to the field artillery. In fact, he did. Next morning there was seen floating from the front door of the steam-heated quartermasters' barracks a real, white and blue service flag—with one star.

DAD'S LETTERS

My dad ain't just the letter writin' kind—
He'd rather let the women see to that:
He's got a mess o' troubles on his mind,
And likes to keep 'em under-
neath his hat.

And p'raps because he isn't very strong
On talkin', why, he's kind o' weak on ink.
But he can work like sin the whole year long.
And, crickey, how that dad o' mine can think!

When I set out from Homeville last July,
He didn't bawl the way my sister did;
He just shook hands and says, "Well, boy, goodbye!"
(He got his feelin's, but he keeps 'em hid.)

And so when mother writes about the things
That I spend half my time a-thinkin' of,
There's one short line that every letter brings:
"Father will write, and mean-
while sends his love."

"Father will write." Well, some day p'raps he will—
There's a lot o' funny prophecies come true;
But if he just keeps promisin' to still,
I'll understand, and dad'll know I do.

THINGS THAT DON'T INTEREST THE A.E.F.

The announcement of the wedding of Mr. Reginald Van Slacker, of Slackerville, to Miss Oofie Bittidor, in the Church of the Holy Dividends.

The accounts of the winter carnivals at Tuxedo, and other places.

The story about the net poodle that swam the breakers at Palm Beach, retrieving a vanity case that had somehow flown out to sea.

The speech of Mr. Haysley McInbherin about the back-to-the-land movement.

The latest German "denial." The controversy in Germany about "who started this, anyway?"

The rage of the makers of bum Army stuff over the application of the excess profits tax to their particular businesses. The plaint of the aristocratic young 32-year-old that there isn't a single Governmental department that has yet shown itself inclined to accept his "services."

The fight of the S.P.P.S. (Society for the Prohibition of Pleasure to Soldiers) to have all that Bull Durham taken over by the United States, used as sawdust for a Billy Sunday tabernacle.

The "anti-rotund" Loan speeches of the rotund-tummed old gentleman, whose sole contribution to the history of his country was to hire a substitute for the draft in Civil War days—thereby saving his skin.

PUT IT OVER ON THE GENERAL

A brigadier general passed a "sing-ing battalion" the other day. The general was on foot; on that particular day all the colonels in the world had been ordered to walk, for once, and to carry their packs, and the general wanted to show that he was a sport, too.

As he jogged along, he came to a halted baggage wagon, mountain high with barrack bags, with a big buck private sprawled on top.

"What are you doing there?" asked the general.

"Holding this stuff on the wagon, sir," said the private, sitting up. There really wasn't much answer to that, for that was exactly what he was doing. But the general had to have his little joke.

"Hard job, isn't it?" said he, leaving himself wide open, as one might say. The buck private smiled angelically.

"Oh, after a couple of days you get toughened to it," said he, and the 50 or so people within hearing snickered down their rifle barrels.

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Big Idea of Yours

"Of making many books there is no end," particularly in making books about that most engrossing and fascinating subject, war. Consequently, until further orders, officers, enlisted men and other members of the service are prohibited from printing and distributing any pamphlets or books, not previously published or in process of being published, on any military subject whatever. The exception is, of course, in the case of approved Government publications, or books authorized by the War Department.

In order that there may not be duplication of effort in the preparation of publications, and in order to secure proper supervision and collaboration in the use of information and available records, it is provided that departments, bureaus, corps schools and so forth will not prepare nor distribute any military pamphlet or book without first informing the Chief of the War College division, General Staff, of the contemplated publication. If the publication is authorized, three copies of it, upon its completion, are to be furnished to the Chief of the War College division.

The rules set forth above are not, it is stated, to be construed as interfering with the preparation and publication of such military books and pamphlets as may be authorized by the Commanding General of the A.E.F., nor with the preparation and distribution of interpretative matter relative to authorized publications, nor with the preparation of articles for the service journals.

Individuality and enterprise in the suggestion of publications and so forth is encouraged, as is shown in another paragraph of the order dealing with the subject. It says that members of the service having new ideas or information which they believe to be of value to the

service may forward them through military channels to the General Staff, giving a brief outline of their ideas or of the publication they contemplate. If the ideas or information are desirable for publication, the War Department promises that every facility will be given for perfecting them and for presenting them to the service.

The order adds, at the end, "Proper military recognition will be given to the individuals concerned."

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